

NEVER A SCRATCH ON THIS CHAUFFEUR AFTER 4 COLLISIONS

Brooklyn Taxi Driver Smiling and Unhurt Following a Busy Series of Mishaps.

It was a lively morning for John P. Murphy, chauffeur, but after being in four collisions and one upset, and seeing two young women sent home in a taxi and two policemen sent to a hospital, he was still the same smiling, able-bodied Murphy, with never a scratch on a bruise. Glory be!

Murphy is nineteen, lives at No. 88 Rogers avenue, Brooklyn, and drives a taxicab owned by John Eckhoff, No. 89 Union street. His stand is at Borough Hall. Murphy was going east in Fulton street at 4 o'clock this morning with an empty car. Policeman Roberts at Bond and Fulton said Murphy was going so fast you could hardly see him.

He tried to turn south into Flatbush avenue, but was going so rapidly the machine skidded into an "L" pillar and careened against another taxicab forty feet away. Both collisions sent showers of glass and wood flying in all directions, but Murphy calmly kept his seat until his car stopped and then hopped down to see what had happened.

GIRLS, STUNNED, REVIVE AND THEN PROMPTLY FAINT.

Miss Adelaide Holston, eighteen, of No. 88 Hausman street and Miss Alice Morgan, nineteen, of No. 51 New York street, had just passed the other car. Miss Holston was inside and Miss Morgan had her foot on the step when Murphy's car crashed into it. Both girls were thrown to the sidewalk and stunned. When they revived they promptly fainted. Policeman Fallon called Dr. Buckley at Brooklyn Hospital, who sent them first aid and sent them home in another taxi.

When Fallon had aided the chauffeur he turned and there was Murphy, conspicuously surveying the wreckage. His own car was badly damaged, but he still was able to travel. The other car had its top torn off, its guards stripped, all the glass about it broken and it couldn't budge.

Fallon thought Murphy ought to go to the Adams street station and explain, and called the patrol wagon. He declined to take charge with Murphy's car. Policeman Daniel Kennedy drove the wagon to the scene and Murphy was bundled in.

They started at a good clip west through Fulton street. Near Willoughby street, where there is an "L" pillar in the street, a Seventh Avenue taxicab, driving west, crossed the street and the motor horns took fright. Motor man Julius Rosenkranz tried to slow up, but the next instant the wagon had hit the side of the car, demolished several of the windows and sent several passengers into a convulsion.

Chauffeur Murphy's third job, but he was still unhurt. The horse had become unmanageable after the impact with the car, however, and Chauffeur Murphy had something else coming to him. Kennedy tried to stop them, but they ran full tilt into the "L" pillar in the middle of the street.

Kennedy paroled over the horse's head and Fallon was thrown out of the back of the wagon as it went over its side. Murphy quickly crawled out of the overturned wagon and was taking another look around when Policeman Wintermann, having calmed the horse, happened to notice him.

INMATE POLICEMAN IN SERIOUS CONDITION.

Policeman Fallon, with a fractured hip and wrist, and Policeman Kennedy, with one ear nearly torn off, a coal wound and many abrasions and possible internal injuries, were taken to the Holy Family Hospital after Dr. Ryan had attended them in the street. Kennedy is dangerously hurt.

"You must be some tough shuffer," admiringly observed Policeman Wintermann after things had quieted down. "But you'll have to take that trip to the station. No, we won't call a taxi. We'll carry walking this time. Murphy is charged with speeding."

PAWNBROKER INDICTED.

James Pritchard Held in \$5,000 Bail for Trial.

An indictment for receiving stolen goods was found today against James Pritchard, a proprietor of a pawnbroker's sales store, at No. 20 West Forty-second street. Pritchard furnished \$5,000 bail. He was arrested a month ago on information furnished the police by Percy Wycoff and Harry Willis, bell boys at the Hotel St. Andrew, Broadway and Seventy-second street, who had confessed to stealing \$10,000 worth of jewelry from Miss Frances Barnea. Wycoff said he sold the bulk of the jewelry to Pritchard.

"RATHER FORMAL." (From the Flatbush Post.) "Are you on very friendly terms with your neighbor in the apartments?" "Well, no. She's rather formal. Always sends her card when she wishes to borrow flour, and if she wants both flour and sugar she sends two cards."

Convenient Terms. Booklet on Request. 425 FIFTH AVENUE Entrance 8th St. N. Y.

Bonion CORSETS Will Be Fitted By Your Corsetiere

CROOKS LEFT FREE THROUGHOUT CITY, VACHRIS SWEARS

Strategic Police Points Uncovered, and No Check on Crimes of Italians.

The Aldermanic police investigating committee called as its first witness this afternoon Albert Pecorini of the University of Rome, who conducts an Italian newspaper. Attorney Harold Deming conducted the examination, which largely concerned the murder of Detective Petrofino.

It was moved before the editor's examination that former Mayor Low should be summoned as a witness before the committee at an early date. Mr. Pecorini said that, in his opinion, to deal with Italians the special squad which Commissioner Waldo abolished was a power to be reckoned with. Since its abandonment, he said, crimes among his race had increased.

However, the detectives attached to the squad should be of other nationalities, able to speak Italian. The witness said that long before Petrofino was assassinated he had communicated with the Italian Government, which wanted to co-operate in every way with the United States in apprehending Italian criminals.

Antonio Vachris, for years at the head of the Italian bureau in Brooklyn, followed the journalist. He told of being sent to Italy by Commissioner Bingham to find Petrofino's slayers. Baker's first official act was to recall him and Lieut. Crowley and put Vachris at clerical work. Had his records gathered in Italy been used, he said, 200 criminals might have been deported.

When Waldo cut the Italian staff to four men, Deputy Dougherty told him it was according to the Mayor's ideas. Waldo ignored pleas for help and soon Vachris retired, after being transferred to City Island. He lives in South Brooklyn.

Criticizing the present detective system, Vachris said: "The most important strategic points in the crime situation are uncovered." He referred particularly to the operation and arrival and departure of crooks at railroad stations and steamship piers.

MOTOR TRUCK RUNS AMUCK AFTER DRIVER IS ARRESTED.

Smashes Prison Van and Lampposts, Endangers Policemen and Generally Shows Disaffection.

Eugene P. Hermann, chauffeur for the Sternberg Motor Truck Company of No. 35 East One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street, accumulated more than one man's share of notoriety in and about the Morrisania Court, the Bronx, today.

In the first place, he was arrested when he was driving the chassis of a five-ton truck on Washington avenue past the court building because he had no license plate on the stripped vehicle. Magistrate Herbert fined him \$15, which he paid. Then, returning to his employer's office, he provided himself with the license tag and came back to propel the motor truck on its way to Yonkers.

When Hermann threw on the power the front wheels of the truck skidded, the heavy vehicle tore into the rear of a prison van standing by the side door of the court on East One Hundred and Sixty-first street, cutting off the whole end of the van and its two rear wheels. Then it careened off and smashed two lampposts on the curb.

Prison Keeper George Smith and the driver of the van, John McGrath, were approaching the vehicle with five handcuffed prisoners just as the unruly motor truck started on its rampage. One of the toppling lampposts nearly hit Smith.

Hermann, the chauffeur, was not arrested the second time, but his truck was out of commission and had to be towed away.

QUEENS FIGHTS \$1 GAS.

Three Women Among Elmhurst Protestors to Service Board.

Three women responded to the appeal of the Woman's Civic Club of Elmhurst for a big delegation to attend the hearing before Public Service Commissioner Maible this afternoon when the fight to reduce the price of gas in the Second Ward of the Borough of Queens was continued.

A score of men from the section also were present, but neither they nor the women, who were headed by Mrs. Christopher Marsden, President of the Elmhurst Club, took part in the proceedings. The hearing was devoted to the efforts of the Newtown Gas Company to show that gas at 18 per thousand feet was a just and equitable price.

"Hold on!" whispered Inspector Murphy to Mr. Walker. "I'm tolerably sure the one on the right is Tom Lee, but for the life of me I don't seem to remember the face of that fellow who says he's Wing Kee."

The alleged Wing was put on the stand. Through an interpreter he stoutly maintained that he was the Only and Original Wing Kee.

"But Inspector Murphy says the Wing Kee he arrested looked entirely different from you," Mr. Walker expostulated. The smile of the Oriental became sweet and bland.

"As the Honorable Confucius so sagely wrote with his noble pen," he replied in cool Chinese, "how exalted clothes do make the honorable man!" Confucius and Inspector Murphy being strangers, Judge Martin ordered the adjournment.

HEROES SAVE FOUR BY THREE RUSHES INTO HOUSE AFIRE

Then Many "Bodies" Drop Before Crowd, but They Are Clothes Dummies.

Fire started in the fur and dressmaking establishment of Mrs. Julia Freedman, No. 198 Third avenue, today. Benzine and gasoline in large quantities were in the store, and after some exploding explosions the blaze started to eat its way through the building.

Mrs. Freedman's screams brought Policemen Matthews and Tompkins from the East One Hundred and Fourth street station. In the rear of the first floor they found Mrs. Sarah Rosenberg hugging a fox terrier and overcome at her door. They carried her out, and the great crowd which had been attracted cheered the rescuers.

The fire apparatus had not yet come, and the two policemen went back into the thick clouds of smoke and up the burning stairways. They found Mrs. Louisa Larcade, partly overcome in her apartment on the second floor. They carried her out.

The fire engine had arrived, but Matthews and Tompkins again went into the building. On the third floor they found aged Mr. and Mrs. John O'Gorman. The man is an invalid, and his wife, while crying for help, had refused to leave him, although the fire was all around and the smoke was suffocating her. The two policemen carried out both.

When the policemen entered the building for the last time the crowd was so thick that the reserves had difficulty in handling it. There were cheers for the heroic policemen, but curiosity was driving many too close to the building for the firemen's comfort.

Just then there began a rain of bodies that left the mob terror-stricken. Men and women, some in evening dress, others in heavy fur coats, flew through the air and landed in front of the building, some in the gutter, with a thud. The awed crowd rushed the police reserves for a look at the "dead." They were Mrs. Freedman's clothing dummies. The building was destroyed.

"CHINESE ALL TWINS," COURT IS ADVISED IN ODD PYTHIAN PUZZLE

Judge Martin Gives Up Trying to Identify Wing Kee as Real Wing.

"All Chinamen are twins. Your Honor," remarked Customs Inspector Walter P. Murphy disconsolately today to Judge Martin in the United States District Court. On the strength of this statement Judge Martin adjourned court until March 3 to give Inspector Murphy time to apply the facial third degree to a certain Celestial to determine whether he is really Wing Kee or some Oriental Damon, willing to serve the sentence of six Pythias.

Inspector Murphy raided a laundry at No. 28 Sixth avenue Jan. 3 and arrested Wing Kee and Tom Lee. Both were in native garb. United States Commissioner Shields held them each in \$1,500 bail on a charge of selling opium. They furnished bail and disappeared.

Today two Chinamen appeared for trial. The pajama-and-pigtail outfit had been discarded and they were encased in suits as any ever donned by Andre de Fouquieres.

"Wing Kee and Tom Lee," called Assistant United States District Attorney John E. Walker. The Chinamen arose and came forward.

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COURT HEARS HERO OF "THREE WEEKS" DENY WATCH THEFT

Paul de Claremont Amot Says It's Simply Awful to Be Unjustly Accused.

Paul de Claremont Amot, who comes right out and confesses he was the original hero of "Three Weeks" and lived right through the book until the brain fever chapter, when he slumped out so that he could live to see New York, took the witness stand in his own behalf before Judge Rosabky in General Sessions today when he was placed on trial for stealing a watch from Miss Patay Arlington.

Mr. Amot's counsel for Paul, warned the jury his client was not on trial for his looks and manner of speech, but was on trial for stealing a watch. Paul was a symphony in gray and looked dejected as he walked softly to the witness chair and languidly took his seat.

"My father was an admiral in the British navy, your worship," he said to the judge. "My mother was the Countess Blanche de Claremont of St. Petersburg. I came to this country to fill a professional engagement as a classic dancer. I had \$600 with me and a jolly good lot of jewels. It has all gone. I met Miss Arlington and we became friends."

He heaved a sigh that was sappy and tapped his lips with a perfumed cambric handkerchief. "We shared with each other—a Cambridge man and a de Claremont—and Miss Patay. We found ourselves short of money and she sent me with her watch to a pawnshop. I pawned it for \$15 and with it I bought a bottle of rum. I gave her the change. We drank the rum and then she wanted the watch back. But we had to eat. I, de Claremont, needed food as well as other stimulants. We had food and drink and then I was arrested."

The de Claremont scion was asked as to the various names he used in the transaction with the watch, which brought him to the witness stand. It was dragged from him that he was known as Charles Robinson, prior to his start for the pawnshop, but in the pawnshop he became Paul Allen. In court, he declared, he was giving his right history, although it was very—extremely—distressing for him. Really, he had never dreamed a de Claremont would come to such a plight. He went back his long, wavy locks with his right wrist and everybody laughed.

Miss Arlington, loaded down with a form of jewels known in the Tenderloin as "ice," joined in the merriment with a polite snicker.

The hero of "Three Weeks" was continuing his narrative of the matter of the watch, rum and eats when court adjourned this afternoon.

MOTHER MISSES SHIP; BABY AND FATHER CROSS ALONE.

Brawny John Hutchins Makes Poor Nurse for Infant When Immigration Officials Stop His Wife.

Among the second class passengers on the White Star liner Majestic, arriving from Southampton today, was John Hutchins, a brawny, six-foot mechanic, and his eighteen-month-old son John. The father had acted as an awkward nurse for the child on the voyage because, through action of the officers on the pier at Southampton, Mrs. Hutchins was left behind when the ship sailed.

Hutchins did not know he had temporarily lost his wife until the Majestic was out in the English Channel. The ship's officers sent a wireless message to the pier, notifying the wife that her husband and baby were safe and advising her to await John's return. Hutchins will go back to Southampton with his baby on the Majestic tomorrow. The immigration officers here have been notified that Mrs. Hutchins was held up because she is suffering from trachoma.

Louis Says He Won't There. Louis Lutin of No. 311 Etna street, Brooklyn, called up The Evening World today to deny that he was the Louis Lutin mentioned as having on Tuesday evening last got into trouble with the Brooklyn police. He declares that somebody must have obtained one of his personal cards and used it in a manner which has since caused him much embarrassment with his friends and relatives.

BOWELS SLUGGISH, LIVER TORPID, HEADACHY, BILIOUS?—"CASCARETS"

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches; how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish intestines—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Clean your stomach, liver and bowels to-night; end the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; relieve your torpid liver and constipated bowels of all the sour bile, gases and clogged-up waste which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box of Cascarets keeps your head clear, stomach sweet, liver and bowels regular and you feel cheerful and bully for months. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing too.

10 CENT BOXES—ANY DRUG STORE—ALSO 25 & 50 CENT BOXES—WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

CANDY CATHARTIC

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HE PICKED WRONG YOUNG WOMAN AS ONE WHO ESCAPED

She Proved Her Identity, and Brooklyn Lawyer Himself Was Arrested.

Isidore Kallet, a lawyer of Brooklyn, and his wife were standing on the Bridge street elevated road station in Brooklyn today when Kallet called his wife's attention to a pretty young woman waiting for the train near them.

"That is Grace Velling," he said. "She escaped from Mrs. O'Grady, probationary officer of the New Jersey Avenue Court, a few days ago when Mrs. O'Grady was taking her to the Wayside Home. She escaped on this very platform, too. It is my duty to arrest her as an escaped prisoner."

Whereupon he stepped over to the young woman, who happened to be Miss Minnie Miller of No. 22 Summer avenue, and asked her if she were not Grace Velling. Miss Miller denied the identity. Kallet persisted, and the young woman, growing terrified, hurried down to the street—the lawyer after her.

Again the lawyer insisted in re-asserting that she was Grace Velling, the prisoner. When Miss Miller said she could prove her identity at a Fulton street department store where she was employed, Kallet accompanied her to the store. The girl was hysterical by this time.

When a dozen people in the store positively identified her Kallet began to look for a way out of the hole he found himself in, but on the advice of her friends Miss Miller had him arrested. At the Adams Street Court Magistrate Reynolds listened to the lawyer's elaborate apologies and let him go, telling Miss Miller she had redress in the civil courts.

MCCALL HURRIEDLY SEES GAYNOR FOR SECRET TALK.

Detains Mayor Hastening to Catch Train for "Important" Communication.

Just as Mayor Gaynor was about to leave his office to catch the 4:30 train for St. James this afternoon, Chairman McCall of the Public Service Commission called him up on the telephone and asked for an audience on a matter of great importance. The Mayor waited and in a few minutes Judge McCall and his secretary appeared.

It was assumed that their talk had something to do with the subway contracts and the hurried call of Judge McCall on the eve of a holiday and Sunday occasion of public business occasioned much remark.

RACING RESULTS AND ENTRIES.

CHARLESTON WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Three-year-olds; selling: six furlongs—Chilton King, 112 (Koenert), 1 to 1 out; first; Polly Worth, 108 (Obers), 5 to 1, 7 to 2 and 2 to 5, second; Ancon, 112 (Butwell), 11 to 5, 1 to 2 and out, third. Time, 1:18 1-5. Willis, Mama Johnson also ran and finished as named.

SECOND RACE—Four-year-olds and upward; selling: five and one-half furlongs—Berkeley, 112 (Tarry), 10 to 9 to 30 and out, first; Marton, 108 (Mondan), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and 8 to 5, second; Camella, 102 (Martin), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and 8 to 5, third. Time, 1:10 1-5. Hudsa Slater, Cuttyhunk, Miss Jonah, Swartz Hill, Tony W., Old Hank also ran and finished as named.

THIRD RACE—Three-year-olds and upward; selling: five and one-half furlongs—Progressive, 90 (Ford), 9 to 2, 9 to 10 and 2 to 5, won; Amoret, 112 (Butwell), 3 to 5, 1 to 4 and out, second; Chemo, 107 (Goose), 5 to 1, 7 to 5 and 2 to 5, third. Time, 1:10. Sylvester and Rose Queen also ran and finished as named.

FOURTH RACE—Four-year-olds and upward; selling: five and one-half furlongs—Michael Angelo, 111 (Ogden), 20 to 1, 8 to 1 and 4 to 1, first; Dipper, 105 (Motour), 7 to 1, 3 to 2 and 7 to 5, second; Harcourt, 116 (Pickens), 5 to 1, 3 to 1 and 8 to 5, third. Time, 1:10 1-5. Ethel Lebrune, Miss Grump, Miss Nett, camel and Tolson D'Or also ran and finished as named.

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE FREE

Chased Leather Couch with Every Purchase of \$50

\$1.00 A WEEK OPENS AN ACCOUNT

CREDIT TERMS: 3 Down \$50 \$7.50 Down \$100

5 Down \$75 \$10 Down \$150

164th St., "L" Station at corner. FISHER BROS. COLUMBUS AVE. BET. 103 & 104 ST.

NOISY TERPSICHORE KEEPS BEDELL AWAKE, SO HE BRINGS A SUIT

Wants An Injunction Against the Duryea Dancing School in West 72d Street.

The crime de la crime dance, or learn to dance, at Oscar Duryea's Terpsichorean College, No. 47 West Seventy-second street—according to the prosecution—but they might just as well be Johns and Marys from Eighth avenue so far as the noise and Alfred M. Bedell are concerned.

Mr. Bedell, who has a cloak and suit store in Fourteenth street and lives at No. 45 West Seventy-second street, with only a wall separating him from the nightly festivities next door, appealed to the Supreme Court this afternoon for an injunction restraining Mr. Duryea from continuing his dances.

Mr. Bedell says that when Mr. Duryea lectures his dancing classes, gives them demonstration and allows them to perform, he is stirred by no sense of duty toward his neighbor.

Certain pianos, horns, violins, oboes and other appurtenances of the dance are complained of specifically. They make such a noise that Mr. Bedell cannot sleep, and his library is no longer the peaceful place of meditation it was before December, 1911, when Mr. Duryea and his dancing school became the Bedell's neighbors. Then there is the floor director, who blows a whistle as a signal to the dancers. The vehemence with which the whistle is sounded has led the Bedells to believe that many of the dancers and dancers-to-be have ear trouble.

Besides all this, many of Mr. Duryea's pupils go to class in automobiles, which they park and leave on the street to clutter up the pavement. Often a long line of automobiles extends in front of the Bedell residence and "interferes with entrance thereto and egress therefrom," as Mr. Bedell's lawyer says.

Seventy-second street is a "park street," Mr. Bedell contends, and therefore he is hurt by the offense of the dancing Mr. Duryea is much more serious than if he were merely "without due regard to the rights and comfort and privacy of the adjoining houses."

Aged Woman Hit by Taxi. Mrs. Libbie Little, seventy years old, of No. 124 East Ninety-seventh street, was knocked down and bruised this afternoon when she was struck by a taxicab at Madison avenue and Eighty-ninth street. Mrs. Little had just stepped from a street car when she was struck by the taxicab. Although she was not seriously injured because of her advanced age, Mrs. Little was taken to Flower Hospital. There it was said she was not badly hurt. The taxi belonged to the New York Taxicab Company.

Dyspepsia Creates Queer Sensations

To Get Rid of that Bloating, Inflated Stomach Pressure Use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets After Eating.

Ever meet that sad-eyed man who tells you the earth is tottering on its axis? He's a dyspeptic. If he is not too far removed from advice and argument induce him to use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets for a few days. Watch the change. He will now appreciate a funny story; he will go so far as to admit that some cooks are better than others; he will even accept an invitation to a banquet.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain nothing but natural elements necessary to digestion, and when placed at work in the weak stomach and small intestine, supply what these organs need. They stimulate the gastric glands and gradually bring the digestive organs back to their normal condition.

There is no secret in the preparation of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are the most popular of all remedies for indigestion, dyspepsia, water brash, insomnia, loss of appetite, melancholia, constipation, dysentery and other kindred diseases, originating from improper digestion and assimilation of foods, because they are thoroughly reliable, and harmless to man or child.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are at once a safe and a powerful remedy; they will digest your food for you when your stomach can't.

Ask your druggist for a fifty-cent box.

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SUFFRAGETTE GOOSE KNOCKS OUT PELICAN IN HOT BATTLE AT ZOO

"Doll" Revolts Against Tyranny of "El Capitan" and Dethrones Dictator.

There was another Central American revolution to-day, this time in the Central Park Zoo. El Capitan, lord of the bird cage, was dethroned, after he was knocked unconscious, and later locked up in the pelican house. Doll, the lone suffragette of the flying cage, effected the revolution single-winged.

It was a duel. El Capitan, a recent arrival from the land of revolutions, had appointed himself dictator of the swimming pool and the cage in general. Because he was all wings and beak, and about twice the size of the next largest bird, he became a tyrant. The fifty other birds in the cage, cranes, ducks and geese, found life almost unbearable.

The climax came this morning. A little Pekin duck, small enough to hide under the wing of the pelican, was swimming when the dictator came along. He struck out one of his wings and the little duck was swept out of the water.

Doll, the suffragette, an Arctic goose of sturdy build and sharp beak, though not more than a third the size of the pelican, dived from her perch in the cage and landed on the dictator's neck. Then began a fight such as has not been seen in the zoo for a long while. The huge, clumsy pelican pecked away with its monstrous beak and wings, but succeeded only in churning the water. And all the time Doll kept lunging her sharp beak and short, stocky wings at the pelican's head.

When Bob Hurlley, assistant keeper, separated the birds El Capitan had lost several of his best feathers and was what, in a prize fight, would be called knocked out. Doll was unscratched. To save the pelican from further damage Bob locked him up in his cage and Mrs. Pelican was sent in to keep him company.

Strength and Vigor for the Aged

If rightly made, malt whiskey is the best alimentary medicine for all conditions of lowered vitality due to advancing years or invalidism. It supplies in a form requiring no effort of the digestive organs the nourishing, strengthening and tonic elements of grain.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey when taken just before meals stimulates the secretion of saliva for the digestion of starches and the secretion of gastric juice for the digestion of other foods, thereby improving the digestion and assimilation of the food and giving to the system its full proportion of nourishment.

This action upon the digestive process is of great importance, as it brings to all the tissues and organs of the body the nutriment necessary to their sustenance and indirectly to the whole system strength and vigor.

Barley is used in connection with other selected grain in making Duffy's because it has greater strength-giving qualities than cheaper grains.

To remove fuel oil and other objectionable substances which prevent cheap malts or malt tonics from being useful as a medicine, many repeated distillations, as in Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, are absolutely required to insure purity and wholesomeness. This costs more, but it is the only way to get the result—absolute purity.

That is why Duffy's gives results. That is why your safety lies in using only Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. That is why it is so good as a tonic stimulant for the aged. It gives strength and vigor where the activity of the organic functions has become reduced.

"Ladies of the White House"

A PORTRAIT

Group of all the famous women who have ruled over the households of the Presidents of the United States, from Martha Washington to Mrs. Ellie Lou Axson Wilson